

Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

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Provo, Utah

November 9, 1988

A Day in Ulster

by Steve Jackson

It had been Kerry O'Neill's suggestion that I spend the day with his brother Peter on his insurance rounds.

"It will be a good way for you to see what the pretty part of Northern Ireland looks like," Kerry had said, with a cynical sneer that must have been in the family for centuries. Kerry's face then quickly changed into the most laughing of Irish smiles.

"But a warning to ye, Brother Jackson. Be ye careful in those small border towns. If Peter says to stay in a certain part of the street, do as he says. Even if ye look just a wee bit suspicious, it might mean trouble."

For the past five days my routine had been walking into Port Stewart along a steep trail chiseled out of the cliff and then making my way back to the O'Neill's house along the rocks on the beach, barely beating the encroaching tide. The beach was always deserted, lonely with the cold, hard wind slapping the waves of the Atlantic against the rocks. The chilling wet air suspended over Ireland's February was accompanied by an endless procession of clouds moving inland from across Donegal and the Inishowen Head.

I felt lost in some mysterious Celtic land. My horizon stretched only a few miles in each direction, to cliffs, clouds, beach, quaint store fronts, and sea. Every day I faced the wind, bending like the grass on the hill above the rocky inlet. I was caught up in a constant flux of nature. All around me was wild and beautiful.

But I had seen almost too much beauty. All that gazing into the vanishing point of sky and sea had brought me to the point of aesthetic satiation. I needed to see people and buildings. I needed to hear conversation. I needed to see another part of Ireland.

Peter O'Neill sat exhausted in the car seat. His eyes were relaxed as the morning sun began to melt away the slickness of last night's storm. He fidgeted in his seat, and appeared

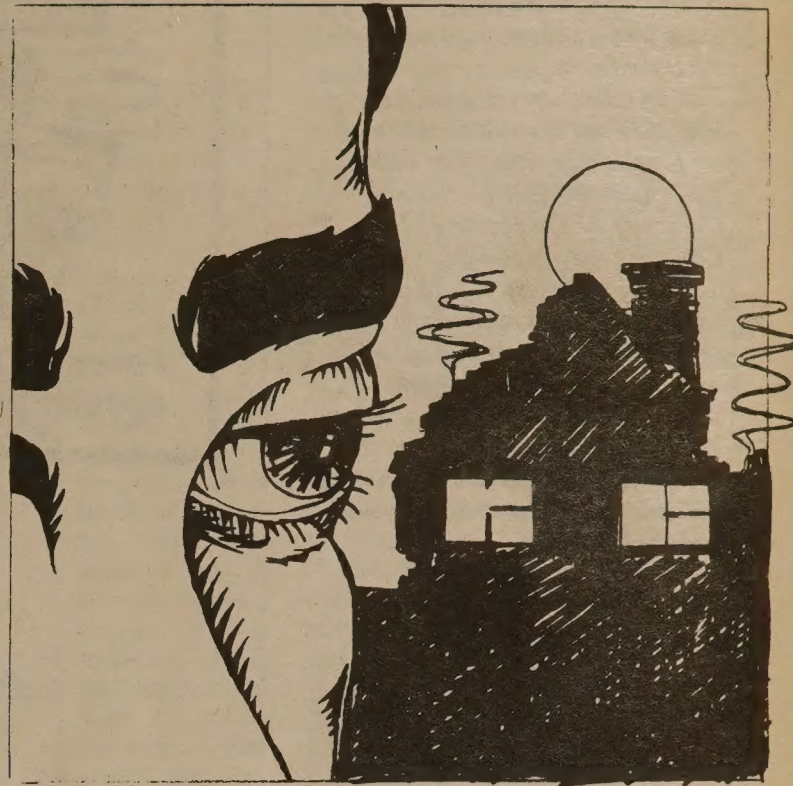
ready to lapse into that very private art of Irish conversation. Though we had not said much, I felt we were friends.

Peter queried me about my own home, family, and religion, and then related his own childhood and teenage years as a Protestant in Northern Ireland. Eventually our conversation moved to the terrible things happening in Ireland. I had read enough in the newspapers to know about the terrorist IRA and the constant conflicts between Catholic and Protestant, Loyalist and Nationalist. But that had been only history—not the same as living it.

"This first place we're going to is Newtonstewart. Along the way you'll see remnants of what those IRA bastards have done to their own people—blown up buildings, bombed out and abandoned cars, barricaded police stations. And you'll see the Queen all over the place—British troops patrolling the towns in armored cars, their machine guns at the ready, always wary of IRA snipers—" Peter's voice momentarily trailed off as though he realized for the first time the horror his words revealed about his lovely Ireland.

We were slicing through a part of Ireland that was, as Kerry had promised, indeed lovely and full of natural beauty—pine trees and hedges, rolling hills, farms, fields divided by rock fences, ponds and rivers. But I sensed something terrible amidst all the beauty. Ahead on the horizon, the mist was fighting its losing battle against the sun. Ahead of me the border between The Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland invisibly separated an island people.

The border town of Newtonstewart offered me nothing more than simplistic rural charm. No bombs, no soldiers, no terrorism. Peter told me it was a peculiar town, where people would just park their cars in the middle of the road while they



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

were shopping.

"Dinner time is the worst, because everyone comes in from the fields and there's cars parked all over the place—a fellow can't even drive his car through town," he said with a little annoyance. "We'll get us a spot near the pub where's we can eat a good shepherd's pie. I'll not be long with this client here, so whilst I'm gone just stay in the car."

Dinner consisted of a huge plate of mashed potatoes with gravy and a meat pie made up of, I discovered three mouthfuls later, rabbit. The stoical regulars were quite intrigued by the

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CAMPUS LIFE

For Whom the Sidewalk



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Boston University

Students Protest Moral Code

by Heather Elaine Lang
Christian Science Monitor

The problem with Boston University, according to its president John Silber, is the problem with America. Discipline.

Dr. Silber says that the heated discussion over proposed changes in the visitation policies for campus residence halls is not a question of morality, but of civilization.

"Teaching the difference between freedom and license is not a bad thing for a university to be caught doing," Silber says.

Many students say they are angry because they were not consulted beforehand and came to college to be able to make decisions for themselves. But at least a few of their parents are outraged at the thought of paying for higher education while their children's roommates give them a sex education.

The policy changes limiting visits by members of the opposite sex to between 8 a.m. and 11 p.m. weekdays and 8 a.m. and 1 a.m. on weekends is expected to take effect in January when students return from winter recess.

Some onlookers say the upheaval at Boston University is not part of a trend back to non-coed dormitories or fundamental values.

"Silber is just trying to turn students of this school into super students," says senior Lee Eric Newton. "When I get out of BU, my education is going to be worth a lot."

Although Mr. Newton says he understands the university's position, he does not

support the policy. He says it infringes on the rights of students and such infringements must be resisted.

"Silber thinks we're too apathetic to organize. I want us to get a class consciousness."

Stephen Trachtenberg, president of George Washington University in the District of Columbia, says both the policy and its presentation are vintage Silber, and "they may be overkill."

Most university presidents, Mr. Trachtenberg says, would have proposed such changes on an experimental basis and would have created a climate for acceptance of the idea well in advance.

But Trachtenberg says Silber is "not your garden-variety university president."

"He is, in many ways, a revolutionary, a premature advocate of ideas that become popular five to 10 years later."

"This is a discussion about vision and principle," Trachtenberg says. "It's not a sporting event in which there's going to be a winner and a loser." And principle is not something you test on a pilot basis, he says.

Ghazale Afshari, a first-year student from Philadelphia, says she went to an all-girl high school because she thought she wanted time to develop her self-confidence. "But I wouldn't have gone to an all women's college because college is supposed to be a little microcosm of the real world," Ms. Afshari says. "And does the real world stop at 11

p.m.?"

Warren Binford, vice-president of the Student Union and a four-year dorm resident, says many students resent the policy as an intrusion on their privacy.

"As small and sparse and overpriced as they [dorm rooms] may be, these are our homes. We are asking for the privilege of bringing alcohol into our homes," Mr. Binford says.

"If we let them break our spirit this time, who knows where they're going to stop," he says.

(Under another policy change, beer and wine are to be allowed in 72-ounce quantities per resident over 21 years of age. No beer kegs or hard liquor will be allowed.)

Though most of BU's 8,300 dorm residents appear to be opposed to proposed policy changes, James Reynolds, a junior who says he has been victimized by roommate excesses, says he thinks some students simply have anti-administration sentiments.

Mr. Reynolds says the administration's ideas are well guided and that some restrictions are needed.

Ronald Carter, BU's dean of students,

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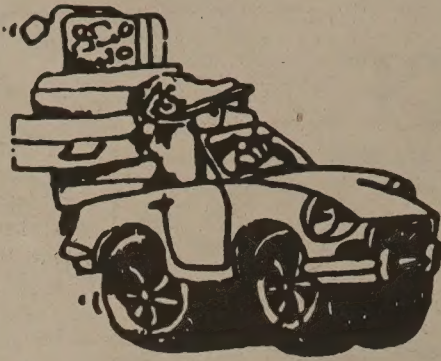
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CAMPUS LIFE

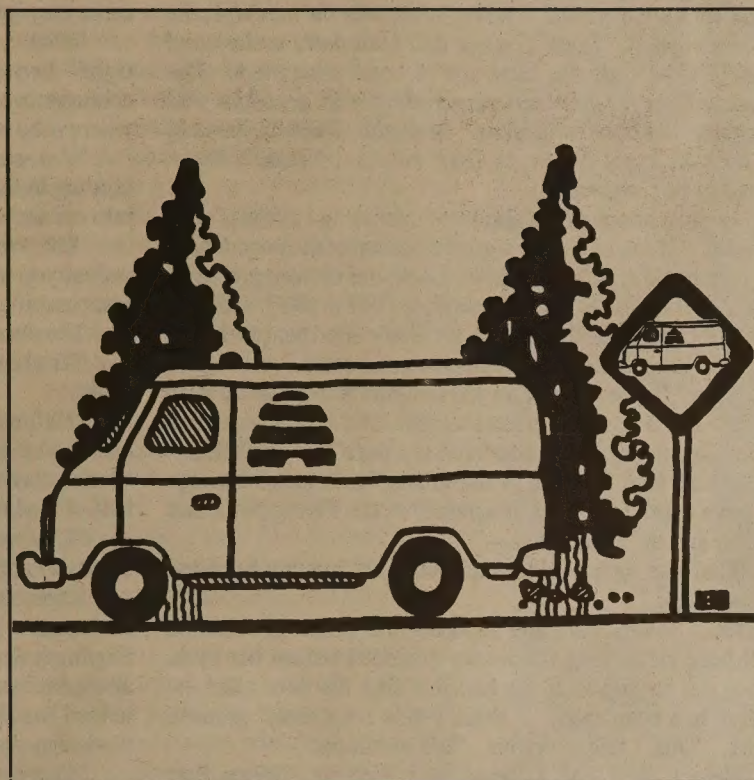
For Whom the Sidewalk: A Subversive Look at BYU Vehicles

by Gideon Burton

There you are, between the Eyring Science Center and the Kimball Tower on your way to class. Your palms turn sweaty, your breathing gets rapid, you start crossing your toes inside your Reeboks. Did you just see that California number from your ward you were going to ask out? No. Did you just learn they doubled the hours for your major? No. Perhaps the giant dinosaur skeleton in the Science Center just came alive and ate ten physics majors before your eyes? No. Did you just see the Stay-Puf marshmallow coed tromping towards you from the JSB? No. The terror that has come upon you is the primal fear of every ambling Cougar: getting run off the sidewalk by a BYU maintenance vehicle.

Oh, they look innocent enough, those cunning conveyances camouflaged in school colors with the dearest of acronyms stenciled on their doors; and yes, they seem to be legitimate—work crews grasping shovels piled into the back—but what is the true nature of the beast? Are they really delivering workers or supplies?

Is their prime purpose to facilitate landscaping, planting, fixing, construction, roofing, wiring, gardening, or plumbing? Perhaps as a front. So why do they spend more time on the sidewalks than in the gardens or the buildings? We college students know appearance and reality. We can see past the facade. They're not keeping the campus clean and well-kept, they're out to get the students—purring and stalking behind them, their motors innocently idling while their drivers chuckle at the hapless, helpless pedestrians that they drive before them like so many dumb cattle.



Is this just my personal phobia? I doubt it. Ask yourself, ask anyone you know, if some time during any BYU semester he or she hasn't had to dive grassward to avoid a white BYU van or a blue BYU truck. It's an experience as universal as signing the honor code. In fact, I wouldn't doubt but that a future revised honor code will formalize our pledge to yield to all BYU vehicles—on sidewalks, on playing fields, in restrooms, wherever.

I read a stat that BYU has 41 miles of sidewalks. That's a lot of concrete—and a lot

of space. I took out my calculator and found that if every single student at BYU had five feet of sidewalk that would still take only 25 of the 41 miles we have. Plenty of room, right? Wrong. I called up the vehicle people and learned that there are some 600 vehicles maintained by the university. That's nearly 15 BYU vehicles for every mile of BYU sidewalks. That means that, on average, every 100 yards is a potential encounter with another

BYU vehicle.

Perhaps it's a parking problem. Maybe the drivers are told they have to purchase their own Y stickers and they're all too cheap to do it. You've done that before—kept your friend circling the block in your green '74 Vega until you finish your errand so the meter maid doesn't get you. Maybe it's that. The BYU vans and trucks endlessly circle the campus not to pick up stray Rainbird accessories, but to keep away from the ever vigilant parking enforcement.

Just what do they do with all those trucks

and vans? There are six times as many BYU vehicles here as there are philosophy majors! But we know what they do with them: they joyride on the quad. Let's face it, BYU vehicles are just overgrown skateboards. They can't resist a long smooth piece of cement, and they swarm like vermin among the rightful treaders of the concrete. Next we'll see them taking lessons from Provo High kids on how to do jumps and spins off of stairs.

All this pleasure-cruising takes its toll. Our BYU sidewalks, which used to shimmer and sparkle like pristine platinum (some foreshadowing of that celestial city we seek), are now sullied with treadmarks, oil spots, and the green ooze of leaking anti-freeze. Don't believe me? Just take a look at the sidewalk north of the family statue by the Kimball Tower. I'd be ashamed to have that concrete in my driveway.

What can we do? What recourse do we have? When will the rights of the humble student outweigh the brute might of an eight cylinder Chevy? When will the Bookstore construction parking lot turn back into our once-pleasant patio? When will miniature mission reunions and other conversing Cougars not be put to flight by the sidewalk-mowing maniacs? When will they have to put up stoplights on campus? When will BYUSA have to get volunteers to be crossing guards between buildings? Will those engineering students be told to turn their tripods to surveying for an intra-campus freeway? When will obeying the laws of the land (which in Utah includes yielding to pedestrians) be upheld on our fair campus, that last great bastion of truth, freedom, morality, scholarship, and ground maintenance?

These are questions to ponder, but not while walking on a BYU sidewalk. Unwittingly you may be poisoned by fumes; unaware, you may be crunched beneath bald radials; unexpectedly, you may have to do a head-plant into a hedge. As long as the BYU vehicles rule our sidewalks we cannot live the motto of "Enter to learn; go forth to serve." Until we are freed from their tyranny, it is more "Merge to learn; go forth to swerve."

Another Great Moment in Science-Fiction Poetry

with Gary Burgess

November 9, 1962, marked a new frontier in the history of science-fiction poetry. That morning in his simple and bare flat, Leonard Harris finally abandoned the love poem he was going to send to "... that stellar-shaped little photon" he had met at the *Star Blazer* the week before. The woman today is anonymous, to whom his affections were directed, yet the poem remains in Harris' notebooks.

The poem remains, which indicates to many scholars that Harris may have planned to resume work on the poem later, as the poet normally crossed out or otherwise obscured projects of his he was not satisfied with, with blue speckled ink.

Most notable of these was a series of sonnets entitled, "Whither Goest Thou?" This work chronicled the adventures of a group of 17th century Puritans who fled their world for a life among the stars; Harris supposedly became thoroughly disillusioned with the series when he could not complete the following line, "Nay Lord, Prudence bids me to Uranus; I go a seeking—."

The poem addressed to the unknown "photon" remains significant, though most critics, especially sci-fi-Freudian literary critics, agree that Harris was at this time working through a repressed William Shatner complex. "I knew something was up from the very beginning," states Dr. "Bones" Wittgenstein, the analyst he was seeing regularly at the time. "When I walked into the lobby and saw him ordering around the receptionist, when he did that shoulder roll into my office, telling me, illogically, that my beard made me look like a dirty Klingon, I concluded that, as we say in our profession,

his tricorder was on 'pause,' if you will."

Be that as it may, the poem Harris abandoned that morning we still have in its entirety:

You,
Stood against the bar and
Regarded the inter-galactum.
I,
Wan, yet virile,
Sent all my energy capsules your way.

I thought,
Your hair like so many auroras—
I could do no less
Than leave you all my rations,
And leave to gulp only
Warm glasses of tri-glycerine
In a solar matrix,
Thinking of you,
Thinking of you.

Oh mutant viruses!
Oh bitter, reproachful youth
Spent with tubercular gypsies on Venus,
The many love-units
Now forgotten in a dark
Bout with Fate,
Is it too late?
Is it too late?

The poet, as the record shows, abandoned this poem and launched into the epic that would liberate the genre from its traditional mores. Little is known about the events of that morning, the poet only commenting once in his notebooks, cryptically: "Two white shirts, pressed, dry cleaned—\$4.95." The first stanza of his epic poem is as follows:

Imagine,
For a moment,
A world where people's
Hair cowlicks
Have lost their former independence,
Are ruled,
Rather,
By the gravitational pull
Of suns far,
And
Wide.

The intensity of the poem never lets up from this, the first of over 700 stanzas. The second stanza details the awesome circumstances the inhabitants of this strange world find themselves in as "hair is rearranged/tossed/thrown/all the cutting shears/around Saturn's rings."

What has really left scholars mesmerized is the plethora of characters the poet creates in his world; from hair-net industrialists to tightly-permed-demagogues, Harris' craft remains true to the original promise found in those first few, tentative lines.

Gipper? Is that a Herring?

by J. R. Rodriguez and C. H. Bay

Personal update: Pokey, drawing nearer to thirty in a few weeks, is feeling a rush of mortality. He's getting so safe nowadays that he's thinking of trading in his moose Uzi and wearing pants to church. His analyst is disappointed—the man has a thriving business on the side selling tapes of Pokey's therapy sessions to Marvel Comics. Watch for the new issue, in which Batman insults a Puerto Rican and is found days later in a jar of Robin's cologne.

Spanky prefers to read their moms' letters. The news from the moms on the Quayle campaign trail: Hello, dears. The big news is that Dan is switching to Mennen hair products. "The problem," the candidate said the other day, "is that there's too darn much writing on the package—Marilyn, honey, could you read this for me? ... Oh, I have to push the button for it to spray ... Okay, sure. It was like that with the bathroom faucets, right?" He's just so adorable. We checked the medical records, you know, and he has never had a lobotomy of any kind. Those rumors were just mean.

But dears (the writing is Pokey's mom's now), I overheard a phone conversation of his the other day that made me wonder. He said, "Hello, John F.—I mean, Dan Quayle here. Hello? Oh, right, the mouthpiece end ... Hi there, George ... Uh-huh ... yeah ... And that's in November, right? ... Uh-huh, the 8th. Hey, that's the same month of Reagan's election, huh? ... Um, I can't read your lips, George, I'm on the phone ... Oh, it's just an expression? Heh-heh, sure thing. Sure, right ... Of course I knew that." But we're still on Dan's side, because what with that nasty Noriega's men coming around to strategy meetings every week, we need all the good looks we can get. Go easy on the sweets, now, and get lots of sleep. Love, Moms.

Last week: Malvolia's Uncle Vanya turned out not to be an escaped character from a Chekhov play but merely Wedge, who took everyone to the campus GOP's Vigil for Demagoguery, a phrase Wedge couldn't spell. It always came out as Virgos for Dimaggio, which he remembered from an old Mr.

Coffee commercial, but Wedge attracted an audience anyway. Bryce, though not a real Bush fan, tore himself away from his study of Teutonic chicken rituals to watch the Vigil. A Bush spokesman issued a statement about our report of the event, saying:

"A gentler, kinder nation of left-wing points of light for a thousand liberal Democrats to increase productivity and justice for all tuition credits." Asked to explain the message, the aide commented, "Look, George and Dan don't understand any of it, either—do you think you're better than them? The important thing for the American people is not to get all tangled up in things like issues and ideas." Malvolia chanted to herself, "At least he's not Nixon, at least he's not Nixon," Bryce refused to be comforted.

"I'm just bummed out about the upcoming election," said Malvolia. "Think of the once-great tradition of the presidency: Tom, Andy, Abe. It's over now. Look, our current president thinks America's Golden Age was from 1968 to 1973, and after Chuck Norris may be the worst actor Hollywood has produced. I mean, at least he could have been a good actor."

"True," Bryce said. "Can you imagine Brando or De Niro as prez? Those guys could have lockjaw and still run a planet, let alone a country." He wondered if a neck bite was a sin.

"I think Ron was one of the greats," interjected Tawny. "He gave depth to Gidget, poignancy to the Flying Nun, and Smokey and the Bandit was—"

"That was Sally Field," said Malvolia, running her hand over her neck.

"Oh," Tawny said, and suddenly the vision of America she'd been cultivating for weeks exploded before her eyes, leaving her feeling as if she had just shut the door after the children had been eaten. ("Wait, I didn't say that," groused Tawny. "Duh," said everyone. "It's narration.")

"Hey, I liked The Killers," said Wedge. "When Ron slapped Angie Dickinson into a submissive frenzy I just about popped the Haagen Däzs lid. And listen, I remember what it was like pre-Ron: high inflation, a downcast America—why,

people even expected honesty from their leaders! But that's all gone now."

"Um, Wedge, you were in the sixth grade when Ron became president," said Bryce, lamenting that Lermontov had died so early.

"But I remember how Ron changed the country. In PE classes, the poor kids used to get free supporters, but when Ron came they got nothing so now those kids have no—"

"Please, no more body politic," punned Tawny. "Bryce is right! Lermontov did write the most influential early 19th century novel." She began to cry, and Wedge ran to her. "And where is he now? Dead, like all the best Renaissance writers."

"Aw, cupcake-noogie, don't be sad," said Wedge. "According to the President, we can now allow a touch of bathos into our attitudes toward the godless Soviets."

"Oh, Wedge," she sighed. "Your hollow skull will always endear you to me. Tell me again about how the homeless are just camping out."

The doorbell rang loudly and Bryce answered it.

"Trick or Treat, baby," said a corpulent man dressed like Elvis.

"Halloween was last week," said Bryce in disgust. There had been a guy like that on his mission in Nebraska. Every Wednesday he would come to the door dressed up as the west half of Budapest. No one got it.

"Last week? Sure, and Reagan wasn't a great actor, too," the man scoffed.

Bryce shut the door in his face—on his face, actually—and there was a pretty loud scream before the guy passed out. Hoping it wasn't really Elvis, who was known to be sensitive about his nose, Bryce was struck by the idea that a) he was indeed madly in love with Malvolia, b) people everywhere were slag-poodles, and c) he was fresh out of paprika.

"Paprika?" his three friends asked suddenly, and Bryce had to smile.

"Only at BYU," he said, "only at BYU."



Top 20

1. November 8th
2. "For Crying Out Loud"
3. Synthesis
4. The Lost and Found Sale
5. Election "Boates" Hats
6. Dr. David Montgomery
7. Elder Monson
8. Richard and Leslie Bach
9. Missionaries in the GDR
10. Copacetic Organization Interaction
11. Warner Sidefire
12. Carmen
13. Dr. Harold Miller
14. Merrill
15. Prudence and Mercy
16. Environmental Response Club
17. Our New Campus Life Editor
18. Vampires
19. Utah Sunsets
20. Cyrano de Bergerac

Bottom 10

Cougareat Jukebox, Yoko Ono, Disconnected Phones, Mudslinging, Destructive cynicism, Sophomoric sophomores, Professors who lose essays, Interview Invitations from John Stohltion, Burnt Offerings, Inside jokes in the top 20.

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EDITORIAL

Man Is That He Might Have Ignorance

by Rob Daines

A cynic once said that Robert Browning's optimism and faith were the result of an uncommonly good digestion. This was meant as a compliment to Browning's digestive tract and an insult to his faith. It is neither. In fact, this correct observation actually insults his digestion and compliments his faith. Perhaps I can explain.

The cynic erred because he misunderstood ignorance. Ignorance does not necessarily imply only a lack of knowledge, its etymology reveals that it can also mean to be "unconscious of, innocent of, having no share in, and taking no notice of." (OED) Many things are noticed in life only when they go wrong. Digestive systems, automobile brakes, and BYU offensive linemen are only a few such things. For another example, ask yourself how your head feels. If you do not have a headache, you simply cannot answer this question. Not only do we all want ignorance of this sort, but when things are working right, we *must* be ignorant in this way. To be unconscious of these things does not mean we are clueless or unintelligent. It means only that our attention is focused on other things.

G. K. Chesterton noted that Browning found joy and even faith in the number of things that go right. Chesterton admired precisely the thing the cynic insulted for Browning found reasons for faith in those simple, usually ignored aspects of life—aspects ignored precisely when they are good. I suppose Browning was no doubt quite pleased that he was free of worry about his stomach and free of the pain and discomfort that poor digestion causes. In short, the fact that he could ignore all such concerns was a wonderful hint that something was very right.

The cynic made two errors: 1) he missed the ignorance inherent in things working as they ought; and 2) he assumed that faith is found not in the ordinary, but the unusual and the self-conscious awareness. We sometimes make the same errors in the church. We often say that faith is found in realizing that "I am happy right now and it is because I am keeping the commandments" or "God answered my prayers and healed me when I was sick." It is important to note that in this view it is not being happy that is faith, but noticing the happiness. The view is that faith is knowing that we know. We also say that faith is only used when we consciously overcome some problem—"I want to drink, but I will concentrate on having the faith the overcome this urge." But this statement describes thoughts on faith, not faith. Statements such as these all ground faith in a self-conscious knowledge. Faith is thus viewed as the way we think or the way we arrange facts in our minds. But there is a distinction between thinking about faith and having it, for faith does not require self-conscious knowledge in the same way that we must not be thinking we know how to walk in order to walk—it can be done unselfconsciously.

But self-conscious faith is not necessarily all wrong. Indeed, in many cases we must make such an effort in order to improve. But we make a tremendous error in assuming that it is *only* by concentrating on faith that we have faith; or that it is by thinking about faith that it works. These views are wrong. Christ did not go around thinking, "All right, on the count of three I'll have faith! One... two...

"He didn't concentrate on having faith; faith was the way he thought. It wasn't something he strapped on like an artificial limb. It was something he was. Faith need not be self-conscious; in its noblest form it is ignorant.

Whereas the cynic suggests that faith cannot be found in the unselfconscious, ordinary experience of normal life, I am suggesting that true faith may be present in ignorance, in the unconscious way we enjoy the life God has given us. Furthermore, my experience with sin, repentance, and forgiveness has taught me that not only is there faith in ignorance of certain things, but often a type of ignorance is itself the very blessing of righteousness. In other words, purity may be very much like good digestion.

I suppose this deserves further explanation. When I sin, I introduce worry about myself. I wonder what sort of person I really am to be such a sinner, and so I begin to look for clues to my "real" nature; I notice whether or not I am good or bad. I try to make up for this uncomfortable awareness by obtaining a good judgement from others, and I soon realize how difficult it is to make people think I am good. It is a tremendous amount of work and requires that I am constantly aware of how I will be perceived, of what is "in" and what isn't. And finally, when I sin I think that the Lord, being just, is now going to hold back blessings and opportunities, and so I am hesitant to approach him. I think about his justice and his complete perfection, the two things that will condemn me. Like the slothful servant who buried his talent, only after I sin do I know "that (the Lord) is an hard man, reaping where (He) hast not sown, and gathering where (He) hast not strawed." (Matt. 25:24)

Thus, when I sin, I introduce worry about myself, others, and God. More precisely, I become aware of aspects of life of which I was previously ignorant—a "dark" side of myself, the force of others' opinions of me, and the stern justice of God. This knowledge is like severe indigestion because I suddenly become intensely aware and acutely interested in something I hadn't previously noticed was there. Righteousness, like good health, may well be described by the number of things it can ignore. It is the spiritual invalids who must constantly take their temperature and worry about contact with others, who fret about what they might "catch" from people around them, who are always on the look out for what spiritual diseases other people have, and who constantly search their environment for clues to the cause of their condition. The healthy and the pure may ignore these things. This ignorance, this lack of self-consciousness, is not the cause of their healthy condition; it is a symptom.

These are the righteous; they are "innocent of, have no share in, and take no notice of" how they are perceived by the world, nor do they have a share in the whole range of problems caused by sin. Existential despair, the pain of rebellion, and the conflict of desire and duty are all things the righteous may never share in. Thus, ignorance in the spiritual sense does not bind people; it frees them from the pain and self-centered sorrow of the sinner.

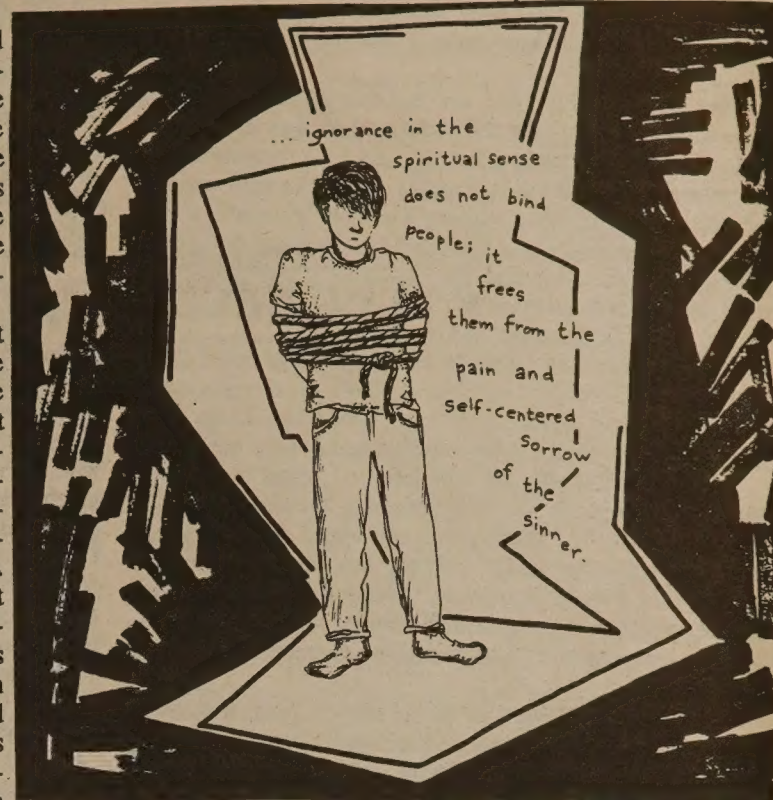
It may strike us as strange to use ignorance as a measure of progress, but we do it all the time. Most of us are glad we do not have to know everything about how a microwave

works, we need only touch the button. In fact, the more settled the methodology, the more questions one need not be aware of, the more advanced the science.

But perhaps it is fudging a little bit to refer to the freedom that comes from righteousness and purity as "ignorance." The scriptures call it peace. The peace that Christ came to offer us (which is very different from the way the world understands peace) is intrinsically linked with the freedom from sin that righteousness brings. When we achieve true peace we are ignorant of certain aspects of ourselves, others, and God. We do not take the same notice of what others think of us and we do not experience God as being stern—both things we do when we sin. We may occasionally think

of the darkness that sin brings, but we are not aware of it in the same way we are when we sin. As acute indigestion blots out most other things in our mind, sin fills our consciousness and makes us ignorant of the truly important

please see Ignorance on page 7



WELL, WE'VE CAUGHT UP TO THE AMERICANS, WE'RE BROKE...



My Personal Hell

Editor's note: Due to the serious nature of this article, the names have been changed. This is the third in a series of articles on the sexes. If you have something to say about dating, marriage, divorce, feminism, chauvinism, child care, spouse abuse, PMS or any other issue that affects relationships between the sexes, let us hear about it. We might even print it.

Benjamin Franklin once said that pain instructs. If that is the case, then I have been fully educated enough to teach the subject at any respectable university. I awoke this morning in the same manner that I did yesterday. I felt like someone had just tied a Boy Scout knot with my stomach. Yesterday it was difficult to even roll out of bed and face another day of the rigorous school work and the other emotional demands of life.

I have never understood until now how people going through emotional crisis could claim that their emotional hurt was just as physically devastating as any physical pain they have received. I wish I could say I was grateful for this practical lab experience, but I am not.

A few months ago, my wife left me, moved back home, and hired a lawyer to sue me for divorce. Getting into all the dirty details of the "whos, whats and whys" of this divorce wouldn't be appropriate for this magazine, and in the long run are not that important anyway. Nevertheless, it has been almost comical removing myself from the situation and occasionally listening to both support groups intellectually rip on each other.

Her side says: "Good job Julie, I support you in this choice 100%. It took such a strong and spiritually perceptive girl to realize that your husband just won't make it even though he seemed like such a nice, sharp boy. You know Julie, someday Paul will wake up and realize that this divorce was nothing but a celestial act of love on your part. Paul must have lied to his friends, family and bishop, because I keep running into people who say that this divorce isn't necessary. We know that if they knew all the facts, they could only come to the right, loving conclusion that in the long, eternal sense, this divorce is necessary."

My side says: "Paul, I admire your strength and integrity. You sensed that the very foundation of your marriage was on shaky ground so you summoned enough courage to confront

these issues with your bishop, your wife and a marriage counselor. Socrates said "know thyself," yet many people avoid this painful journey into their own inner self because they are afraid of what they will find. Paul, some things about your performance as a husband bothered you so much that you decided to embark upon this journey into yourself. During this journey, you and your wife discovered that despite your rocky and confident exterior, you really, truly don't like yourself. You finally became self-destructive to the point where you attempted to destroy that which is most sacred and important to you—your temple marriage. You never felt you deserved such a beautiful, wonderful wife. But what did Julie do? She decided to cut her losses while she was still young and get a divorce with the hopes of marrying someone who can make her happy.

"Paul," they continue, "what ever happened to 'for better or for worse?' For time and all eternity? Last I hear, they still teach that in the temple. Maybe I can see her giving up and divorcing you out of love if you were some unrepentant, wife-beating scumbag, but no church court was deemed necessary for your mistakes. You hold a temple recommend. You hold a position in your ward. You work for BYU and give firesides with spiritual power and authority, and you love Julie very much. Most of all, you love the Lord with all your heart. Paul, this girl is six months pregnant with your first child. Who the hell does she and her family think she is going to remarry in the future who is so wonderful, wonderful enough to offset the pain of divorce and the painful emotional adjustments this already unique baby is going to have?"

"Maybe they found one of the Three Nephites for her to marry. Paul, you are human and you lack tremendously in certain areas in your life, but the reality of marriage is that you find and face those issues together, as a couple, and with Heavenly Father's help you overcome them together. The truth is Paul, that Heavenly Father is blessing you through this experience. Out there is a girl who will love you in the true sense and not leave you when you are at low points in your life. You deserve much better. Paul, the Lord loves you. Count your blessings.

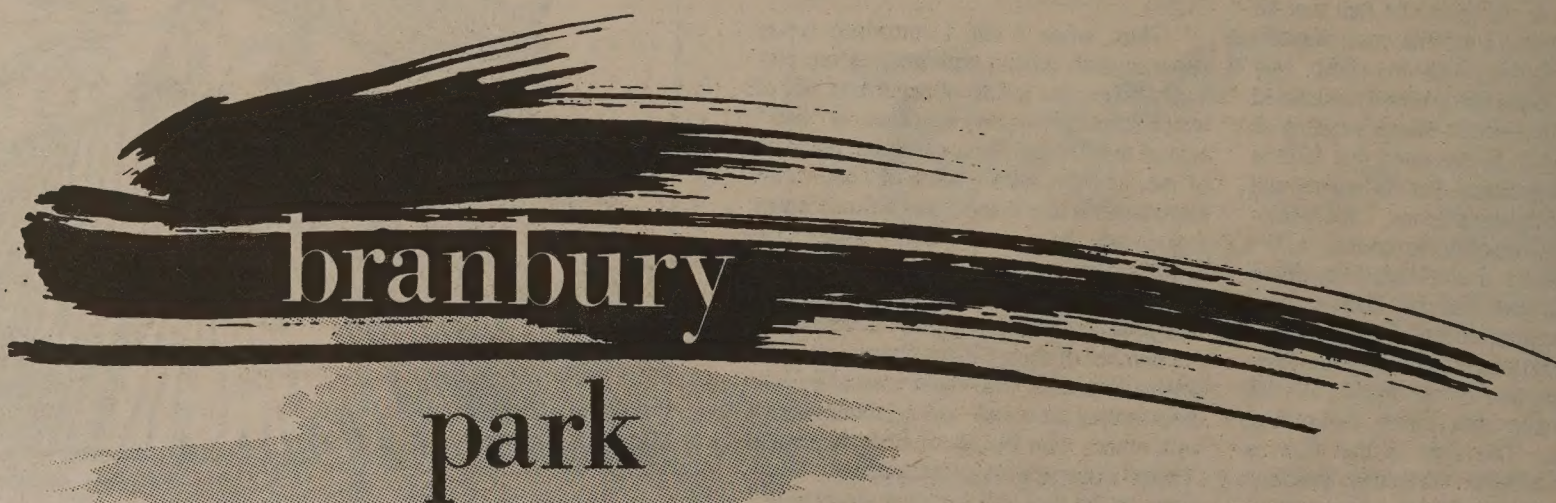
Those are the sides. To be honest with you, both sides I'm sure are well intended, but they are really starting to get on my nerves. There are no sides involved when a temple marriage breaks up. There are no winners. Divorce is ugly; divorce makes people ugly. There are no moral or intellectual winners

in divorce. Possibly in the future, in order to accept the hurt and frustration, we both may adopt one of two previously mentioned sides to suit our emotional and social needs. But on January 18, 1989, I will be looking into the beautiful eyes of my first child. As I hold him or her closely for the first time, I will have to explain with my eyes why daddy is handing baby back to mommy, leaving the room, and driving home by himself to singles housing. I wonder if my eyes will be as empty as the explanation I will attempt to give my child.

I truly thought that the true meaning of Hell was serving a full-time mission without the blessing of my parents. My mom is a Jehovah's Witness and my dad just didn't want me to go. This tends to be hard on a 19-year old who worships his parents and in a very possible way wants them to be proud of him. Nonetheless, I have redefined the true meaning of Hell. Hell is waking up every morning and looking at my roommate's face. He isn't ugly, he just isn't my wife. I am 25 years old, a returned missionary. I was married for a year. Believe me when I say that it's not easy going back to live with five women-hungry, recently returned missionaries. In all fairness, they are the ones who keep me going. I cannot count the times that their priesthood has temporarily given me much needed vacation and rests from my personal tenure in Hell. All of them are blessings sent from Heaven.

Due to religious convictions, I have no desire to kill or harm my physical body, but each day is a struggle to find the desire to sustain my spiritual will to live. Every morning I have to convince myself that I am a worthwhile child of God, that I'm not some sort of loser scumbag, and that despite the fact my eternal companion left me, I still have the capability of success. Julie told me that I wasn't a loser, but when someone who knows all your strengths and weaknesses balances the scales and decides to cut her losses, you really honestly consider the possibility that you very well could be a loser. Actions speak louder than words. Don't get me wrong: I'm not a cry-baby or a quitter. There is a lot of fight in my family's blood and I have my fair share of it. I'm doing my best. I live day to day and decide every morning that I will hold my head high and somehow forget my problems and try to serve other people. I guess another reality is hitting home to me. Sometimes your best just isn't enough. The fight in me is slowly leaving my once bubbly and confident personality. I feel many childlike qualities I once had are leaving me. Going about life's daily duties without the childlike enthusiasm of having the will to

please see Divorce on page 7



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EDITORIAL

Chile: Finding a Balance Through Democracy

by William Grigg

Anybody who remembers the vintage *Saturday Night Live* can probably recall Chevy Chase's weekly exultation, "General Francisco Franco is still dead!" SNL was happy to join the chorus of the international left, which saw the death of the hated dictator as reason for great rejoicing. However, the joy left an aftertaste of regret: after all, the left is only happy when indignant. Casting about for a suitable replacement for Franco, the left seized upon a General who had taken command of a nation that had once been Spain's most distant outpost: Augusto Pinochet of Chile.

Pinochet's crime was similar to Franco's: he had frustrated the march of history by preventing the communization of his country. Pinochet took power in a bloody coup in 1973, seizing power from Chile's democratically elected president, Salvador Allende. Allende—who was the perennial candidate of the Chilean socialist movement—has been beatified by the left as a martyr and demonized by the right as an embryonic Castro. Regarding Salvador Allende, both the left and the right have presented an ideologized caricature.

Allende won 36% of the vote in the three-candidate Chilean election of 1970. Because none of the candidates won a majority, the matter was decided in the Chilean congress. In that body a coalition of the moderate left and the revolutionary left propelled Allende to the presidency. He then embarked upon a domestic spending binge, pumping enormous amounts of money into the Chilean economy, with predictable results. By 1973, the Chilean currency was destroyed: Inflation peaked at 1,000%.

As *Rolling Stone* columnist P.J. O'Rourke has observed, one has to take econ 101 at Moscow University in order to know how to make cash that worthless.

Notwithstanding his ardent faith in socialism, Allende was no revolutionary. However, the Chilean middle class had produced a bumper crop of young revolutionaries whose appetite for violent social upheaval was whetted by Allende's leftist reforms. Many among the radical left openly sought a confrontation with the "forces of reaction"; Allende, to judge from the record, wasn't among that number. Nevertheless, Allende found himself being pulled inexorably leftward, dragging Chile into Cuba's orbit. Castro visited Chile on a "working vacation" in 1971, taking time to fish off the Chilean coast and

proselytize among the young radical left. His approach to Chile may have been casual, but it was effective: by the time of the coup in 1973, large caches of Cuban and Czechoslovakian arms were found in Chile, and the social atmosphere was beginning to resemble that of an Eastern European country.

Legend has it that Allende was murdered by the military when it seized power on September 11, 1973. It is far more likely that he killed himself with a weapon provided by his would-be mentor, Castro. In any case, Allende's last days were similar to Hitler's. Like Hitler pacing his bunker, consoling himself with the thought of imminent rescue by imaginary armies, Allende deluded himself into thinking that the Chilean army would be confronted by a "People's Army" of the poor. He also believed that Pinochet would stand by him to the death.

If Allende was Chile's Caesar (albeit a reluctant one), Pinochet is its Marc Antony. Let us give credit where credit is due: inflation in Chile has all but disappeared—it ran at 10% last year (as compared to 120% in neighboring Peru). The Chilean economy compares favorably to the robust economies of the Pacific Rim nations. Pinochet even began a modest investment in social programs designed to ameliorate poverty, such as public housing.

However, Pinochet has clearly stayed in power too long for any good that he has done, and the corruption of power has had visible effects. In 1986 soldiers under Pinochet's command doused two protesters with gasoline and set them on fire. Reports of human rights offenses—chiefly the use of torture against political prisoners—began to accumulate. Prodded on by congressional critics, and heartened by the example of a peaceful, democratic revolution in the Philippines, the Reagan Administration began to pressure Pinochet and provide encouragement to opponents of the regime.

Last Month's Chilean plebiscite—in which the Chilean electorate voted 55% to 43% against continuing Pinochet's rule beyond 1990—is the result of quiet but effective action on the part of the Reagan Administration. Consider this irony: by pressuring Pinochet into a plebiscite, and funding opposition to his regime through the National Endowment for Democracy, the Reagan Administration is guilty of exactly the same kind of interference in Chile's domestic affairs that the Nixon Administration practiced against Allende. One should not hold his breath in anticipation of the same indignant cries that rent the air when Allende was toppled, however.

So what's next for Chile? Here are three possibilities.

First. Pinochet reneges on his promise to honor the results of the plebiscite, declaring that Chile is still threatened by communist revolution. (Given the entrenchment of the Sandinista regime to his north, he would have a valid point.) He therefore suspends the Chilean constitution and buckles down. What could we do? We could offer to provide him haven if he were willing to abdicate power—much like the arrangement we offered Ferdinand Marcos. However, Pinochet could observe the recent indictment of Marcos and decide not to leave. The result? Several more years of increasingly dictatorial rule by an aging despot.

Second. Pinochet honors his promise, and elections are held. A coalition government from the moderate left—for instance, the Christian Democrats and Moderate Socialists courted by the Reagan Administration—takes power. Chile then witnesses a re-enactment of the Allende phenomenon. Because the Chilean constitution adopted in 1980 forbids participation by communist or communist-leaning political parties, the young radical left refuses to be bound by the results of the election, and turns to the Sandinistas for help. This provokes action by the Chilean military, which brings Pinochet back into the picture: he retains his position as Commander-in-Chief until 1994. Once again, Pinochet's back in charge.

A third possibility. The U.S. begins discussions with the Chilean military right now regarding a potential successor to Pinochet. Perhaps an arrangement could be made whereby Pinochet retains titular control over the military while delegating executive power to a younger officer. There were several prominent figures within both the Chilean military and the National Police who urged Pinochet to go through with the recent plebiscite, even though it was clear that the General ran the risk of losing. Such a figure would be useful to insure a Chilean military strong enough to deal with the potential threat posed by Cuba and Nicaragua, while respecting and serving Chilean democracy.

Democracy in Latin America has always been the product of a delicate balance of power between Parliamentary bodies and the military. Chile, which has the oldest tradition of democracy of any South American nation, is no exception. The Great Seal of the Nation of Chile bears the motto "By Reason or by Force." The failure of Chilean reason resulted in Allende; the corruption of pure force has been manifest through Pinochet. Let's hope that they can regain the ever-elusive balance between the two.

Divorce from page 6

live must be one of the greatest hells a person can face.

If sharing my experience can help just one struggling young married couple on this campus avoid the personal hell I am experiencing then perhaps my pain will produce some good. As a family science major I now have a personal insight into the subject of divorce and annulments that the textbooks so dispassionately talks about. If putting my private life on paper can help couples examine their options fully and realistically before the choice of divorce is made (prayerfully I hope) then I'll take the possible abuse and social consequences that will follow this letter. I know that few people who know me will ever understand what happened to my marriage, I hope that my friends and acquaintances will not take sides. I do not want to be told how strong I am or how much of a jerk I am for putting my wife through all this pain. Perhaps a few smiles will give me the strength to smile again and look at life one more time with childlike enthusiasm.

I don't know the proper way to end an article such as this one. Last summer on a road trip back from California, Julie and I listened to a Bruce Hornsby song called "The Road Not Taken." Bruce expresses in his song the feelings he had for not taking a particular path in life in regards to a young lady he fell in love with. I suppose this song can apply to any person faced with a path in life they really want to take, but for some reason, be it social pressure, family influence or political pressure choose the other path. Personally, my "Road Not Taken" will be the wife and child I will never again have the opportunity to cherish, nurture and love. May the roads each and every one of you choose be the right ones, and when you travel on it you might want to consider using a four wheel drive.

"Oh I went back there after many years.
So curious and so secretly.
As I looked on I held back a tear,
The road not taken overcoming me.
Oh I saw her, she was sitting there,
Older, thinner, on the front porch. It

seemed to light a little brighter there, Or
maybe I still carried the forgotten torch."

"Every time I see her face,
On the street, in the hollow, on the hill,
Another time and another place
I feel her in my heart still.
Every time I see her face,
On the street, in the hollow, on the bend
I see her in my mind and then
I thought of the road not taken...again."

Ignorance from page 6

things—the love, mercy, and peace that God is holding out to us.

When we enjoy peace—when we are unaware of the wages of sin—we are free to attend to much more important things. Instead of worrying about our past mistakes, we can exert our minds in pursuit of truth and finding ways to help others; instead of noticing what others think of us, we can notice what they think of themselves and what we can do to serve them; instead of being aware of the terrible judgements of God and how much further we have to go, we notice his love for us and how he will bless us on the way to perfection. A mind full of its own needs and busy thinking about its own attributes is the product of sin and can have no room for others; this separation is unnatural for our spirits and creates unrest. Righteousness and purity bring peace because they allow us to fill our lives with others.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.

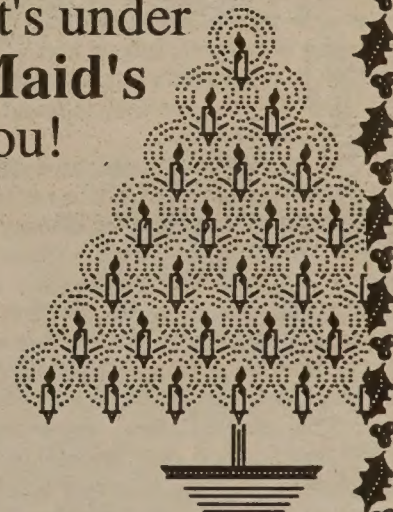
Is. 32:17

For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.

Is. 30:15

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ARTS & LEISURE

Interview with James C. Christensen

by Julie Curtis

Looking at James C. Christensen's work is like taking a step through Alice's looking glass. His paintings depict another world, a world of fantastical shapes and vivid colors and strange images that exist only in a magical place. Reality is redefined to permit enchantment; one senses that a Cheshire cat or a Queen of Hearts or a kingdom of cards is never very far away.

Born in Culver City, California in 1942, Christensen has been interested in art throughout his life. He studied art at UCLA and BYU, then taught at a junior high school until becoming part of the New Era staff as an illustrator and art director in 1974. He joined the BYU faculty in 1976 and has taught here since then. Christensen's work is highly acclaimed. His commissions include, among others, a twenty-fifth anniversary poster for the Utah Shakespearean festival and several paintings for TimeLife Books' series, "Enchanted Worlds."

Now on display in HFAC Gallery 303 is Christensen's latest exhibition, "Winged Words." Its main theme, communication, is carried beautifully throughout the works: the paintings all have to do with words or communicating directly or indirectly. This exhibition particularly is a treat to see, as Christensen's flamboyant, fantastic style, sly satire and provocative commentary show beautifully the master that he is.

(Interview of October 12, 1988.)

SR: You work mostly with fantastical subjects, bright colors, strange images. How would you classify your work?

JC: Most artists tend not to classify their work; they just paint. My work is classified by others as fantastic art, "fantastic" being not an adjective, but a genre. I'm considered a fantastic artist.

SR: There is significant religious symbolism in your work; do you consider yourself a "religious" artist, an artist of religious themes?

JC: I consider myself a Mormon artist, in the sense that I'm a Mormon who does art, rather than an artist who does Mormon subject matter. Because my art comes out of me, that philosophy is reflected in my work. In that sense I'd probably say yes, there are religious connotations because of my whole belief system. I don't paint a lot of religious subject matter, so I probably wouldn't be considered a religious painter.

SR: How do you work with religious symbols in a Mormon setting?

JC: Sometimes painters today have difficulties using the common symbols that Christian art has used from the fifth century until now, because for so many years art was dominated by the Catholic Church. Those symbols became so identified with Catholicism that when we try to use them it makes people uncomfortable. We either have to find more obscure symbols, or generate our own metaphors. Then the task becomes one of educating people to understand the new metaphors you use. When I use symbols in my work, I'm generally consistent in them. For example, a fish isn't "the devil" in one picture, and "lunch" in the next. There's a consistency of meaning, so once you have learned the lexicon, it's easy to read the paintings. People in the Middle Ages learned artistic symbols because they didn't know how to read. Everybody understood what the symbols meant, so they could read the paintings.

SR: Do we need to educate today's Mormons about religious symbols, the way earlier Christian people were?

JC: I don't know. I'm not sure it's necessary. Our church is very rich in its own symbolism, but we don't get too involved in iconography. If the symbols we use in our art work tend to be a little more obscure, then people who want to learn will learn about them. I don't know that we'll ever educate everybody. I don't know that everybody cares.

SR: In your current exhibition there are some extraordinary symbols. Would you care to explain the checkerboards and the fish?

JC: A group of the paintings have a similar format and background color, and they all have checkerboards in them. I was dealing with the checkerboard as a game symbol. In one

painting two ambassadorial figures come together. They speak all the formal phrases in gold, that eventually dribble down and fall off the bottom of the page. The name of the painting is "Opening Gambit," and over their heads is a board that resembles a chess board. Picking up the idea that communication is a kind of game, that theme reappears in a lot of places.

I've used the fish symbol for a long time. It alludes to the idea that there is magic in the painting. Say we are in a room, and a fish comes floating through the room. Assuming we aren't hallucinating, we would have to completely redefine



Art by James Christensen

our world, because fish don't defy gravity and float in the air. So, in order to build the idea of illusion, or magic, or "otherness" of another place, I occasionally just float a fish in there somewhere. Sometimes it's very central to the theme, and other times it's just off in the corner, but it says: "Hey, this is not here, this is someplace else where that's okay." It helps the illusion.

SR: Of what significance is the Renaissance dress?

JC: It isn't significance as much as that I like a lot of detail. Also, I want to place the figures out of a contemporary context. It only alludes to Renaissance or medieval dress. In fact, a lot of the clothes don't make any sense, if you really start looking at them. They're shapes, but they wouldn't work as clothing. Take the big picture of the duchess. If you really try to think of her with no clothes on, or suitably attired in a leotard, she doesn't work. Her arms cannot connect; she's just not built right. But it's the design, and the illusion and the paint that are important, not trying to be a real person. I use that kind of clothing because there are a lot of great shapes, decoration and busyness. I want to establish a fantasy world. It may relate to our real world, but it's not part of it.

SR: What about the butterflies?

JC: Very often the butterfly is a Christ or resurrection symbol, a metaphor for the gospel of the Atonement. Other times they are just beautiful shapes, so if elf-creatures have butterfly wings, they're not necessarily Christian elves. That's a decorative motif. One needs to consider the object in its context.

SR: Were these pictures painted particularly for this exhibit?

JC: Most of the paintings were done for this exhibition, but thematically only about half of them deal with words, printed words and words on the paintings themselves. It represents basically everything I've done in the last year and a half. I stray from time to time, so there are a few extraneous pieces. Hopefully the style ties them all together, and makes them work.

SR: Would you explain your "Winged Words" theme?

JC: Well, I was in Europe with some students last year, and tuned into some Renaissance paintings in which the artist had written bits of scripture. I saw these written things, and I was fascinated by them. When I came home, I liked the idea of putting words in Latin. I connected with a professor in the classics department, Norbert Duckwitz. We entered into a very pleasant collaboration. I began saying, "How do I say this?" but in the end he would give me a translation, and the whole painting would change direction, because the phrase from a poem would be so magical. We'd get talking about nuances of meaning, and that would conjure up images. It was a wonderful collaboration that way. He came up with the term "winged words." Homer said that "winged words" were words that connected. If I communicate with you, my words have wings. If you don't understand my poetry, then my words are without wings. Because I was using the communication theme, it seemed a very appropriate title.

SR: Do you have a favorite work in the exhibition?

JC: Now, I don't know how well I can answer that. They're my children at this point. I vacillate between liking them all and not liking any of them. Right after I hang a show I hate everything. I find mistakes, and I go through a really terrible emotional period of hating everything. After it's been up a few days, and a few people say something nice about it, I start to like it again. It happens every time I hang anything, and I'm used to it. So I sort of bite the bullet, and get through that, and I know I'm going to like them later on.

SR: There is one piece of bronze sculpture in the exhibition—a different medium. Is this a new direction?

JC: That was the first one. I'm just getting started, and I'm so excited about it that I can't stand it. I have four more that are just on the edge of being done. I'm working with Craig Varner, who is an excellent sculptor. He's helping me with them, and teaching me, and I'm really excited about doing some more. I get excited every time I do something new. I've just started a lithograph, and now I don't care anything about the show. In fact, if the show wasn't up on the wall and you asked me what my favorite painting was,

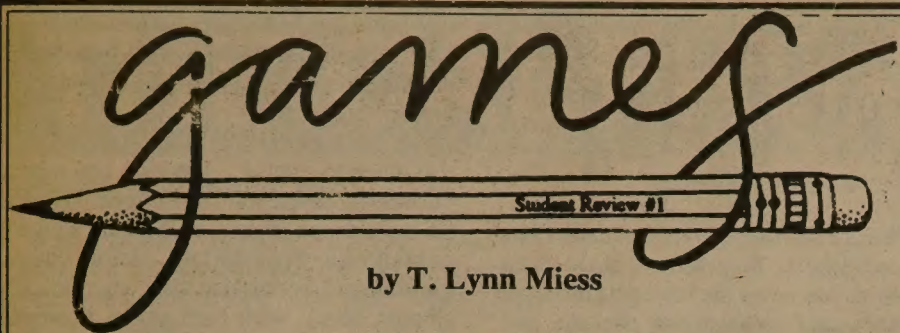
I think I'd generally say the next one that I'm going to do.

SR: Is there anything you would like the public to bring away from the exhibit?

JC: Maybe I could address one thing. We've thought a little bit about translating the Latin phrases, and I think people may wonder, "Are we not understanding the paintings because we don't happen to speak Latin? Who does he think he is?" I would encourage people to enjoy the paintings, even if they don't understand the printed words. The Latin puts another layer of meaning in if you understand what they're saying. At the same time, if I were to put subtitles underneath, I think it would limit thinking to a narrow interpretation. I want the paintings to be open, and let people think about them, or ponder, or catch a few words, to get involved. I've seen people sitting there, trying to figure out some of the captions, and I'm tickled because they are working at it. Maybe they come up with a different meaning, and that's okay, if they have their own interpretation. I think we limit art when we get to know too much about it. I would love to have someone care enough that they brought their Latin dictionary, or their neighbor who's a pharmacist, and has enough Latin to translate the dialogue.

That's an important part of it, I think, the idea of the observer being able to participate. I haven't included translations, and people shouldn't look for them or worry about them. They should just enjoy what is there, and play the game.

BYU faculty artist James Christensen's "Winged Words" will be in the secured gallery (Gallery 303) of the HFAC until November 18.



by T. Lynn Miess

1. Late for Lab

During a hot date in Orem, Darren Davenport (a BYU biology lab instructor) suddenly realized he had only a few minutes to make it back to the Widstoe building for his 6:00 lab. He figured that he would make it back on time if he drove the three miles to campus at thirty miles an hour, so he made his apologies to his disappointed date and hurried out. Because of traffic, Darren was only able to drive the first mile at twenty miles an hour, although he was able to travel the second mile at the planned speed. He did end up making it to his lab on time, so how fast must he have driven that third mile?

**2. Coin Switch**

Barbara, after getting paid at work, found that she had 23 coins, including dimes, quarters, and half dollars. She changed the dimes to pennies, the quarters to nickels, and the half dollars to quarters. She then had 110 coins. How many dimes, quarters and half dollars did she start out with?

3. Thieves' Honor

Kurt, Todd, Steve, Nathan and Ted decided that they just weren't making enough money in their part time jobs at BYU, so they decided to get some money the easy way. One dark, moonless night they succeeded in robbing a bag of gold pieces from the vaults of Zion's First National Bank. They hid the money inside their piano with the agreement that they would divide it up in the morning. Kurt, however, was afraid that the others might try to double cross him, so after everyone else was asleep, he took the gold and divided it into five equal piles. After doing so, he found there was one piece left over, so he threw it away, took one of the piles, and put the rest back in the piano. A little later, Todd woke up with the same idea, and likewise took what he thought was his fair share. In order to divide the gold into five equal piles, he too had to throw a piece away. The same thought occurred to each of the other three men; each in turn went to the gold, divided it into five equal piles, ended up with an extra piece that they threw away, took one of the piles, and returned the rest to the piano.

The next day, since none of the men wanted to appear dishonest, no one told that during the night they had already taken their "shares." They gathered together and divided the gold in the bag, and if any of them thought that the pile of loot looked a little small, no one said anything. This time, the piles came out even, with no extra gold. So the big question is, how many gold pieces did the five men steal? Or, what was the smallest number that they could have stole and have this story work?

**4. Hired Help**

One day, Par, the man in command at the Pie Pizzeria, decided that he didn't have enough people on the payroll. He figured that with all the business he'd been doing lately, he needed another cook to help keep up with pizza production. The problem was, he couldn't decide who to hire of the three people that applied for the job. He wanted to be sure he hired the smartest of the three applicants. Finally he came up with a solution. He brought all the prospective employees into his office, and after blindfolding them, he said, "I am now going to put a mark on each of your foreheads. It will be either white or black. Then I'll remove your blindfolds, and whichever of you can see one or more black marks on the foreheads of the others will indicate so by tapping on the table. The first man who tells me which color mark is on his own head, and how he knew, will get the job." Par then put a black mark on each of their foreheads and removed their blindfolds. All the men began to tap, and soon one rose, announced that his mark was black, and then explained how he knew. How did he know?

ANSWERS

(1) sixty miles an hour (2) 5 dimes, 8 quarters and ten half dollars (3) 3121 gold pieces (4) The man explained, "My mark is black because the things that would happen if it were white aren't happening. If my mark were white, then applicant B (or C) would know that his is black, because otherwise C would have no reason to tap. Since this has not happened, I infer that my mark cannot be white."

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Review's Reviews

MEMORIES OF ME ★★☆☆

Nothing could be nicer than a funny movie with Billy Crystal and Alan King. Unfortunately, no such movie is available this fall. The ads portray *Memories of Me* as a sort of wacky comedy about a father and son getting back together. Well, the ads are wrong.

Crystal stars as a heart surgeon who suffers from a heart attack himself. During recovery he dreams of his estranged father (King), a Hollywood actor who's spent his entire career as an extra. Crystal decides to go to Hollywood to renew ties with his father or at least to halt his pestering dreams. Crystal's former live-in counterpart, Jobeth Williams, eventually shows up out West also and the three of them go through some highs and lows together.

It's a very dramatic look into a bitter father/son relationship that has been plagued since early on, when a divorced King used to all but ignore his son during childhood visits. Their present-day spats contain all the combined bitterness of a thirty-year span, making us doubt even the most sincere attempts by each to end the tension once and for all.

The real crime here is that none of the characters connect with each other enough and it's not because of faulty acting. It's a story problem and it's a shame, since Henry "The Fonz" Winkler's directing is wonderful, maintaining firm control of his cast. Poor Jobeth isn't given much to work with and it's too bad Crystal co-wrote the screenplay with

jokes about as punchy as material from *My Two Dads*. Compare this movie to a Chevette. Even at its best it's still just a Chevette.

Greg W. Anderson

EIGHT MEN OUT ★★☆☆

Strike three, you're out. Since the beginning of film, man has attempted to put America's favorite pastime on celluloid. Let's face it, at its best, baseball's a slow game. It's no wonder Mr. Spaulding rarely gets on base at the box office.

Eight Men Out is just another high fly ball to center field. Writer/director John Sayles got some wood on it, but was under it too much. Based on the 1919 Chicago "Black Sox" scandal, *Eight Men Out* chronicles the 1919 World Series which was thrown by what many say was the best team to ever step onto a baseball field.

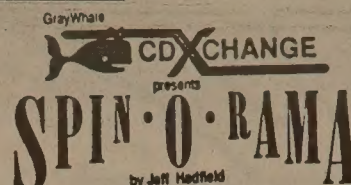
Chicago White Sox owner Comiskey was a cheapskate. This is established very early and when the club wins the pennant and their bonus is flat champagne. Several enterprising gamblers take advantage of the situation and offer a few of the players a large sum of money to blow the series. The gamblers would clean up by betting on the Cincinnati Reds, a huge underdog. In the end, no one wins much, not even the gamblers.

Though there was as much pre-release hype, the film was about as exciting as a junior league slow-pitch softball game. There was no main character to identify with. There was no tension as to who would be bribed, who would be caught, or who would do the catching. And a big problem was that all men in baseball uniforms look alike. I never did figure out who was who. Instead I sat through the entire movie trying to remember where I'd seen most of them before.

Eight Men Out seemed to be the victim of an attempt to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Historical films often suffer from this. With heavy hitters such as John Cusack, Charlie Sheen, and Christopher Lloyd, this film could have put all its money on one man and had a bigger payoff.

—Jannelle Wilde

ARTS & LEISURE



NEWS:

Here's a stack of new release dates from the record labels. Remember that the dates can change whenever the label gets the urge. **Bananarama's** greatest hits package and *The Best Of The Art Of Noise* should be released on November 21. The Art Of Noise disc is a collection of 12" mixes, with an additional track: a version of Prince's "Kiss" with vocals by Tom Jones.

Scheduled soon, but with indefinite release dates are: the R.E.M. studio album, *G4een*, (That's not a typo, it's pronounced "green"), the new Howard Jones album, *Cross That Line*, and a Pink Floyd live disc.

There are, as usual, tons of rereleases due as labels put old catalog onto compact disc. Capitol claims that the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* will be released on November 16, along with most of the Paul McCartney and Wings discs. EMI says they'll release most of the James Bond soundtracks in November.

SPINS:

Duran Duran: *Big Thing* (Capitol): ★★☆☆. This isn't *Rio* nor *Notorious*. The Duran threesome built on those to create an album that is at times funkier, at times more atmospheric than their previous efforts. Elements of the narcotic *Notorious* album combine with the energy of their first two albums into a well-crafted pop album. Like the first albums, it even has instrumentals.

Ignore the title track. It's far from impressive. Consider, rather, the quality of "All

She Wants Is," "Too Late Marlene," and the first single, "I Don't Want Your Love." After the danceable first side ends, though, Duran Duran turns quiet on the second. The best of these slower tracks is "Do You Believe In Shame" and "Land."

Unafraid to try new things, Duran Duran continues to evolve. Ignoring the mostly throwaway *Seven* and *The Ragged Tiger* and the crass *Arena* albums, each Duran album is an improvement on the last. (Before you get too outraged, understand that I love the early albums, also.) With each album, however, Simon LeBon sounds less whiny and writes more intelligible lyrics. On *Big Thing*, free from the expectations caused by the Duranmania of 5 years ago, Duran Duran displays their increasing maturity and talent.

I like the bold cover, but one question remains unresolved. Why do John Taylor and Simon LeBon resemble Rob Lowe and Rod Stewart, respectively, in the photos on the back cover?

Yanni: *Chameleon Days* (Private Music): ★★☆☆. Yanni makes nice new age music. This album was recorded digitally at his home, and he plays all instruments (mostly synthesizer) except percussion.

Yanni wrote all of these melodic and well-arranged songs, but they still show range and uniqueness. Much new age music suffers from each-song-the-same monotony. Yanni avoids this by using different sounds and arrangements, never intruding but keeping the listener interested—which is to me what determines good new age music. If I can enjoy it when actively listening to it and when I want it in the background it can stay unobtrusively there, it does what it should. *Chameleon Days* fills this description and is therefore a good addition to a new age collection as well as a good choice for the casual new age listener.



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hours.
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and sigh
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and rest my pen
and kiss my pillow
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—Jen Creer

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THE CALENDAR

Thursday, November 10

Lecture:

Honors Module: James E. Faulconer on Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
"Comets and Asteroids," 492, ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m.

\$1.00 admission

Theatre & Dance:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447, \$4.00 w/ I.D.
"Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50
"The Mystery of Edwin Droid," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00
"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$5.00
"Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/I.D. 583-6520

Film:

International Cinema
"Night of Counting Years," 3:15 & 8:25 p.m.
"Grapes of Wrath," 5:10 p.m.
"Hopper's Silence," 7:25 p.m.

Music:

Symphonic Band, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!

Friday, November 11

Theatre & Dance:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447, \$4.00 w/ I.D.
"Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50
"The Mystery of Edwin Droid," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00
"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00
"Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/I.D. 583-6520

Film:

International Cinema
"Grapes of Wrath," 3:15 & 9:15 p.m.
"Hopper's Silence," 5:30 & 8:25 p.m.
"Night of Counting Years," 6:30 p.m.

Music:

BYU Singers/Concert Choir, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$2.00 w/I.D. 378-7444
Folk Ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!

Saturday, November 12

Theatre:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447, \$4.00 w/ I.D.
"Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 2:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50
"The Mystery of Edwin Droid," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00
"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00
"Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/I.D. 583-6520

Film:

International Cinema
"Hopper's Silence," 3:00 & 10:25 p.m.
"Grapes of Wrath," 3:50 & 8:10 p.m.
"Night of Counting Years," 6:15 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony Chamber Orchestra, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444

Monday, November 14

Theatre:

"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$4.00

Tuesday, November 15

Lecture:

Honors Module: George Tate on Augustine's *Confessions*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447

Film:

International Cinema:
Lecture on "Magic Flute," 3:15 p.m.
"The Magic Flute," 3:45 & 8:45 p.m.
"The Glass Menagerie," 6:15 p.m.

Music:

Men's & Women's Chorus, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. \$2.00 w/I.D.
Synthesizer Ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!
Marvin Payne, Great Salt Lake Guitar Company, 362 W. Center St., Provo, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$5.00 in advance, \$6.00 at the door, 375-4435

Wednesday, November 16

Lecture:

Honors Module: Lila Stuart on "The Operatic Style of Giuseppe Verdi and Richard Wagner," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447

Film:

International Cinema:
Lecture on "Glass Menagerie," 3:15 p.m.
"The Glass Menagerie," 3:45 & 8:45 p.m.
"The Magic Flute," 6:15 p.m.

Music:

Jazz Ensemble and Dixieland Band, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free!

Thursday, November 17

Lecture:

"Where There Is No Vision, the Family Perishes," Ardeth Kapp, ELWC Bsalroom, 7:30 p.m.
Honors Module: James E. Faulconer on Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre & Dance:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
Senior projects Dance Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m. Tickets at the door
"Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217
"The Mystery of Edwin Droid," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$5.00, 7.00, & 9.00
"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$5.00
"Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/I.D. 583-6520

Film:

International Cinema:
"The Magic Flute," 3:15 & 8:15 p.m.
"The Glass Menagerie," 5:45 p.m.

Music:

Wind Symphony, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444

Friday, November 18

Theatre:

"1940's Radio Hour," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447
"The Long Voyage Home," 3 plays by Eugene O'Neill, Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7447

"Guys & Dolls," 328 Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 gen., \$7.00 Student, 649-1217

"The Mystery of Edwin Droid," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00

"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00

"Vapor Trails," by the New Shakespeare Players, Artspace, 345 W. Pierpont St., SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/I.D. 583-6520

Film:

International Cinema:
"The Glass Menagerie," 3:15 & 8:15 p.m.
"The Magic Flute," 5:45 p.m.

Music:

Chamber Orchestra, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., tickets: 378-7444
Sierra Wind Quintet, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7444

Varsity Theatres:

Varsity:

Nov. 8-10: "Broadcast News" 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Nov. 11-17: "Big" 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Varsity II:

Nov. 11-14: "The Living Daylights" 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.

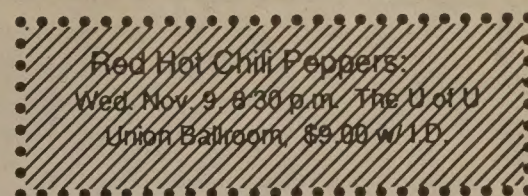
Nov. 18-21: "Pinocchio" 7:30 & 9:00 p.m.

Late Night Flicks:

Nov. 11: "Wait Until Dark" 11:30 p.m.
Nov. 18: "Condorman" 11:30 p.m.

Art Exhibits:

"Winged Words," by James E. Christensen, in the Art Gallery, HFAC, through November 18.
Art by watercolorist Bark Morse, B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC, open daily, 7:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. through October 31.
Computer Graphics Art Show, Loge Gallery on the mezzanine level of the Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m., Mondays - Saturdays, through Nov. 12
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Blood Feast 10:00

Saturday Nov. 12
Candy Mountain 1:00 5:15 7:00
Breakfast With Blassie 3:00 8:45 11:20
Blood Feast 4:00 10:00

Ulster from front page

rarity of sharing their room with a stranger—an American even. Their unasked questions swirled in the air, mixing with the smoke from their cigarettes. I felt like standing up, clearing my throat, and explaining to them how I happened to find myself in a quaint Ulster pub, happily gnawing on rabbit pie. But the waitress brought the bill and any chances of a speech vanished as quickly as Peter's money. I assured the waitress that the meal had been very good—embarrassed at the hard clanking of my American accent.

Back in the driver's seat, with a full stomach, Peter expressed more of his feelings about the strife between the two countries.

"The whole thing's so stupid," he said angrily. "Nobody gives a damn about what Father O'Reilly says anymore. The Catholics are out of control. The IRA is fighting a losing battle, because even though a lot of people in Northern Ireland are deeply Irish, and in favor of unification, they're not about to give up their higher standard of living for the sake of the entire country being painted up in orange, white, and green. They'll get all excited about nationalism and anti-repression and 'get the British soldiers out of Ireland,' until it comes time to settle the bar tab—a pint of beer costs almost double in the Republic of Ireland. Why should an Irishman living in Northern Ireland give up his better standard of living if it won't make him any more Irish?"

As the border city of Strabane reared up in front of us I again felt a sickening uneasiness—knowing this is a place where people get killed. Peter pointed out the British soldiers patrolling the streets, machine guns clenched against possible threats.

"You'll be wise to not tell anyone what you're doing in Strabane," Peter said matter-of-factly. "This town is a main hide-out for IRA terrorists and sympathizers—that's why the soldier activity is so high here. If anyone asks you, tell them you're an American student just traveling. They'll not bother you if they know you're an American."

I promised to meet Peter back at the car in an hour and proceeded to find my way through the cold, dirty streets of Strabane. I tried to blend into the crowd of Irish shoppers but my innocence gave me away. I passed by storefront windows, each showing its own silent form of sadness. Tape on a window tried to heal the wound from an angrily hurled rock.

I was startled when two British soldiers came reeling around the corner, careening past me. Their faces were taut, grim, emotionless. With fingers on the triggers of their automatic machine guns they walked in practiced unison, back-to-back down the street, their eyes scanning the tops of roofs for any movement. They were a constant reminder to the rebel terrorist that this piece of Irish soil was still part of England—God save the Queen.

I walked quietly along a muddy river, my eyes down on the sidewalk in front of me. At the north edge of town I noticed light poles and curbs painted in alternating red, white, and blue—signs of British loyalty. This was the predominantly Protestant section of Strabane. To cross this line, as a known IRA or Catholic supporter, would invite upon your person rocks, bricks, broken glass, and ax handles—your life could easily become one more of those lost in that ridiculous Irish oxymoron "fighting for peace."

I ventured beyond, crossing the river.

Here the street lights and curbs were painted in orange, green, and white, the colors of the Irish flag. The tenant houses stood cold, block-like, in geometric order that induced social suffocation. Scruffy children with snot-nosed faces and ripped out shoes played football with a tattered ball in the street, their cries of excitement echoing through the heavy depression in the air. These children would grow up hating their Protestant neighbors, fighting with them in the back alleys, cursing them beneath their breath in the marketplace, praying for their Catholic God to somehow deliver them from the hands and guns of their oppressors.

Great sheets of rain were now falling. I made my way back to the car. All this rain, this unprejudiced water, sent as if a cleansing from heaven to wash the colors off the curbs and the blood off the streets.

Peter was glad to have me back in the car. "Didn't want to have to come fish your body out of the river," he laughed, and then lamented, "Strabane's a depressing place. Its got the highest murder rate in Northern Ireland. Too many people dying for nothing—it's all so stupid."

As we made our way up the A5 to Derry, I asked Peter more about his childhood. He had been raised Protestant in Belfast but had still managed to have Catholic friends.

"Our parents taught us to be kind to everyone," Peter said. "We never really understood all the violence." He told me about coming home from school once and hearing that his friend's father had been killed by an IRA bomb near a local market.

"The man was an innocent bystander, he had no sympathies either way for Catholic or Protestant. Just Irish. That's the problem with the whole thing, innocent people get killed. It's not safe to drive in the country anymore for fear of a bomb going off or a sniper shooting you." Peter seemed to want to talk more, as though maybe he had the solution to the whole problem. But he sensed my uneasiness upon our entering Derry, and he once again offered me some helpful advice.

"The real name of Derry is Londonderry, but if you call it that in a Catholic part of town you might get a rock in your face. So you're better off just calling it Derry. The Prods won't care, especially if they know you're an American. Better yet, don't talk at all. Just keep moving and you'll be okay."

Peter parked the car next to a magnificent guildhall and went off to meet his last clients of the day. I walked up the merry High Street, past food markets with imported lemons shrivelling up in the cold afternoon air, past news agencies with headlines about a recent sniper attack, and past clothing stores boasting Irish linen and Donegal tweed.

From the center of town I could see the Walls of Derry, dirtied by the soot of factories and marred by the graffiti of a tortured generation. The Walls told of Ireland's conflict in living color: the sentiments of a people torn between loyalty to their country, island, and heritage, and loyalty to the power of the pound, the security of economics.

But it seemed to me there was no victor in any of this, as I watched rouge-cheeked Catholic school children with flaming red hair and innocent green eyes walking home from school along the street patrolled by British soldiers in armored tanks.

Two days before, a Protestant Ulsterman had been shot in his car while crossing the bridge over the River Foyle—an act the IRA openly admitted committing.

Derry, because of its closeness to the border and its British roots, has been the center of violent conflict between Protestants and Roman Catholics since 1968. The city

had no hope, no sparkle, as though life had been sucked from it.

I wondered about the youth in Derry. The town seemed to offer little promising employment. Getting an education would mean leaving Derry and partially severing family ties. To stay in Derry and pretend to believe in the "fight for peace" seemed more depressing.

I sat on a bench and watched the shadows of the winter's afternoon slowly fade. I thought about the older generation. All afternoon, tight-fisted Irish women had bit their lips against the wind and marched past me, their grocery carts pulled behind them with a humorous yet serious demeanor. What did they think about their families being involved, voluntarily or not, in the kill-or-be-killed mentality anciently ingrained in the Irish lifestyle? And what about the men, slowly ticking their life's moments away in some factory or patiently sowing and reaping the farms that have been in their families for centuries, all of them scratching their unshaven faces at the corner pub, waiting for the next pint to dull their senses from reality.

I sat waiting for Peter, absorbed in my pathos, frustrated that there was no human answer here. I wanted to be concerned, to care, to somehow make things fair. I realized, as I mulled the events of my day in my mind I had been an innocent onlooker all day, catching a fleeting glimpse of what these people saw every day of their lives.

As Peter drove me away from Derry, past Lough Foyle, past the bombed out barracks of Limavady, and beyond all the tenseness of the southern border of Ulster, he questioned me tactfully, on what I had seen and felt that day. Like any Irishman, Peter is fiercely proud of his heritage, and of the same time ashamed at the inability of his Irish brothers and sisters to forge any peace on the anvil of their lives.

As I looked out the window at all those Irish lives passing by, my only comfort came from knowing that I would soon be back in Kerry O'Neill's living room, with a warm fire burning and his family asking me about my day. Tomorrow I would wander the cliffs near Dunluce castle, listen to the ancient sound of waves pounding the foam against the black rocks, and hear the terns and gulls cry as they pitched and wheeled in the constant wind on the northern coast. I would be content then to meditate on the natural beauty of the Emerald Isle, and welcome the enduring green landscape that softens the harshness of the society it surrounds.

Protest from front page

says that the pattern of infractions and common vein of complaints from parents, students, and members of the neighboring communities provide sufficient evidence to urge concern for the quality of life in residence halls.

A survey of building use last year reported some 4,500 guests in residence halls during the average week.

"The university is not running hotels," Mr. Carter says.

Carter says that providing a secure and disturbance-free atmosphere for students is his responsibility. He says that legislating morality is neither his responsibility nor the university's intent.


"If it were a sex policy, then we wouldn't have coed dorms," Carter says.

"Serious students study seriously" read the buttons the dean of students has handed out among students.

"And if we do not provide an environment in which to study seriously, we're not doing our job," Carter says.

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